

A DANDELION.

O, golden heart a-gleaming in the grass
On a fair morn'g of May,
I stoop to touch you softly as I pass
Along the common way.

Thinking of one blue-sky and white-cloud
day
When, free from vexing care,
I pulled and curled your stems in childish
play,
And wove them in my hair;

Or breathed across your phantom seed-
sphere there
With wonder and delight
To see you, spirit-like, rise in the air
And vanish out of sight;

Believing while I watched your shining
flight,
The blessing, blessed Power,
Mysterious and silent as the light,
Would bring you back, a flower.

Ah, sweet child-trust that bides through
sun and shower,
In wisdom all unskilled;
After long storms will come a fateful hour
When it shall be fulfilled.

Hope's withered seeds, through all the years
unfulfilled,
Moon in the wayside grass,
The flower comes back and with heart
strangely thrilled
We bless it as we pass.
—Anne L. Muzzey, in N. Y. Sun.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

BY BARRY PAIN.

As I passed the vicarage, I thought that I looked a likely place. I walked on a few yards, and then it seemed to me a pity not to see if the place was as good as it looked. So I went back and asked at the back door if they could give me a job of work.

The kitchenmaid said there was no work for me, and she was not inclined to talk. But she fetched me some bread and cheese, and I had a chance to look round. I marked the scullery window; it was out of sight of the road, fastened with the usual simple catch, with no bars or shutters. A regular invitation—a window like that is. It seemed to me a one-man job, and just as good that night as any other night.

So that night, by half-past ten, I was in the shrubbery of the vicarage garden, smoking my pipe and watching the house. There was only one light; it was in the study windows downstairs. At 11 o'clock that light went out and another appeared in the upstairs window. "That's all right," I said to myself. "Parson's finished writing his sermon and gone up to bed." When the whole house was dark, I went round it once or twice, just to see how things lay. I couldn't find anything better than the scullery window, but that was quite good enough. I was impatient to begin, but I did not consider it safe to start work until half-past twelve. The window gave me more trouble than I had expected; the catch was very stiff, and I had nothing but my pocket-knife to force it back with. However, I got it back at last and opened the window very slowly, an inch at a time, making no noise. Then I got in.

I no sooner got my feet down on the scullery floor than I was knocked headlong, and found a 13-stone weight on my chest. I asked it, speaking under difficulties, to get off again. I was a bit dazed, for I had come down hard and bumped my head, but I saw the only thing to do was to shan drunk, and I spoke thickly. I undid one end of my collar, pulled my hair over my forehead, hung my lower lip, and put on a leary stare. By the time that man had got off my chest, struck a match on the heel of his boot, and lit the candle behind him, I looked a complete drunk if ever any man did.

I could see now that the man who had knocked me over was Rev. William Lake himself. And the more I looked at him, the more I felt sorry that I had ever come.

"Well," he said, "you dirty little ginger-headed, two-penny half-penny scoundrel, what are you doing here?" I hiccupped and answered: "Thor this was my house—number twenty Willetts Terrish. Ain't this ri'?"

"That won't do," he said; "I heard you round the house an hour ago—or I shouldn't have been here waiting for you. Besides, drunken men don't open windows that way. You're not drunk. Drop it."

I thought about it for a moment, and saw that there was a good deal in what he said. So I dropped it. I fastened my collar again, sat up, and pulled off my cap.

"Very well," I said, "then what's the move now?"

I suppose he saw my hand slipping round, for he said, quickly: "Have you any weapons?"

"Bless you, no! I only—"

Before I could finish he was sitting on me again. I tried a smash at him, but he caught my wrist and nigh broke it. After that I didn't try again. It wasn't only that he was bigger, heavier and stronger than most men; he was quick as light, and you could never tell from his eye what he was going to do next. He went all over me carefully and took my knife, and the shooter, and my jemmy. Then I saw that the game was up.

"What a silly little liar you are!" he said.

As I have said, I saw that it was all up, and I couldn't make it any worse. I was a good deal disappointed, and I had been roughly handled, and altogether I was not in the sweetest temper. So I spoke out. I said that I did not want any (adjective omitted) preaching from a (substantive omitted) like himself. All I asked was what his (adjective omitted) move was.

"If you swear any more," he said, "I shall be compelled to cause you considerable physical pain."

I had a bumped head and a barked elbow. I was fairly copped, and my

temper got the better of me again. It was foolish of me, but I may have thought that he, being a parson, would not actually strike me. Anyhow, I said that if he wanted to know what he was I could tell him. I did tell him in four words. I omit the words.

Never in my life have I had such a thrashing as I got then. He hit only with the open hand; if he had used his fists he'd have killed me. There was no getting away from him, and no giving him anything back. It was ding-dong all over my face and head until I dropped in a heap, bleeding like a pig, and nearly sick. It finished me.

"You're boss," I said. "You can give your orders. I only wanted to see."

He stood there smiling, as if he had rather enjoyed himself.

"Pick up your boots," he said, "and put them on."

On entering the window I had my boots hanging round my neck by the laces; they had fallen off when he first knocked me over. While I was putting them on he turned back his cuffs and washed his hands at the sink. When he had finished he pointed to the sink.

"There you are," he said. "You can repair damages."

I was bleedig from my nose, and from a cut lip, but the cold water soon stopped that. When I had finished he asked me if I was all right.

"Pretty well," I said. "I'm a bit shaky on the legs—that's all. You gave me a good doing."

"Take the candle, then, and go in front of me into the study. I expect you know the way." Of course I did. Show me the outside of any house, and the inside is no puzzle to me.

He picked up my knife, the revolver, and the small jemmy, and followed me into the study. He lit the lamp, gave me the knife back again, and locked the revolver and the jemmy away in a drawer.

"And now," he said, "won't you sit down?" He spoke to me as if I were a lady visitor. I sat down, and he, taking a chair opposite me, began to fill a little old clay pipe.

"I really can't make this out," he said, "you're so small and clumsy. You've got a nasty temper, but you're not very plucky. What on earth made you think of trying to be a burglar?"

"I don't know," I said. "But there's one thing I'd like to ask you, and no disrespect. What made you think of being a parson—a man of your build and strength, and so handy with your fists? I ask pardon, but you might have done better."

He didn't seem to take that as cheek at all. For a moment he didn't answer, and sat sucking his little clay. Then he sighed and said: "I have sometimes thought so myself. But it is quite certain that you might have done better. How did you come to this?"

"I had no bringing up, and I read penny trashy novels."

He tapped his foot impatiently on the carpet. "Well, well—go on."

"Then I was led away by bad companions and took to drink and gambling, and not knowing what it was to have a mother's tender—"

He got up and interrupted me. "Now drop all that," he said. "I want facts; tell me the story of your life. How did you come to this?"

Partly from admiring the man, and partly from whim, I did not tell him the story, and told him the plain truth too. It was pretty strong, but I left nothing out, and he never stopped me. When I had finished he thanked me.

"Then," he said, "coming of decent people, and with a fair education and a good chance in life, you none the less have been from your earliest boyhood just about as bad as you are now—bad all through—always bad."

"That is about the mark," I answered. Then I thought to myself that it would be one of two things—either he would take me out and hand me over to the police, or else he would ask me to join him in prayer. I expected the latter. He did neither. He walked up and down the room, with his hands behind him, saying to himself: "And I preach sermons—sermons—sermons!" Suddenly he smiled again in that queer way of his. "You've kept me up very late," he said, "and in consequence I've become uncommonly hungry. What do you say? Will you come and help me to get some supper? Very well, then, come quickly. I don't want to wake the rest of the house."

So I went with him into the kitchen and carried things from there into the study. He laid the table—clean, white cloth, silver forks and everything of the best. There was a cold game pie, a ripe Stilton, and a bottle of Burgundy. I never had a better supper in my life. He passed me everything I wanted and filled my glass. For the life of me I couldn't help grinning.

"Now then," he said, "what's amusing you?"

"I was only thinking, that's all. It seems a queer way for a person like you to treat a chap like me. I came here to crack this crib, you fairly got me, and no word about the police—never a word. First you give me a thrashing and then you give me supper."

"Well, you can't deny that you wanted them very badly. What else should a parson have done? What did you expect? Tell me honestly."

"Speaking honestly, I expected more talk—more parson-talk, you know."

"And what do you mean by that?"

"Why, the sort of thing I was always hearing when I was a boy—about the sinfulness of it, and repenting, and hell."

"Do you think it would do you any good if I talked like that?"

"Well, no."

"Nor do I." He changed the subject then, and told me that there was a good chance for work at Enton mills. They were short-handed there for the moment, and he could give me a line to the foreman. "You tell me," he said, "that you are interested in machines, and know a little about them; that might help you. If you can do anything at all special—anything, for instance, in the way of repairs, when some trifle goes

wrong—they'll soon find it out. Smart men that go there, stop, and work their way up. It's the rarest thing for them to be short-handed—in fact, you're in luck."

I thanked him, of course. I had meant, if he let me off, to go to Enton. But I had no intention of going near the mills or getting regular work of any kind. However, I did not want to worry him by telling him that I preferred my own way of living, especially as he seemed so pleased with the idea about the mills. After supper he sat down and wrote a line or two to the foreman, whom he seemed to know well. As he was writing it, the clock struck three. "You will start at once," he said, "so as to be there early. You won't be able to work that day, after being up all night, but you can begin work the next day. It's important that you should apply early, before everything's filled up."

I thanked him again, and asked him to put me on the right road. What I wanted was to get him out into the dark. He came out of the house with me, showed me which turn to take, and said good-by. "Come and see me again. I have much more to say to you when the right time comes." I thanked him and said good-by.

I walked until I heard his front door shut, and then I ran just about as hard as I could go. I passed one policeman, and he tried to stop me, but I dodged him and got away. I was on the outskirts of the village then, and once past him I had a lonely country road and nothing to fear.

You see, while I was on my back I had noticed the parson's watch chain. I took care not to look at it again, but I kept it in my memory. While he was saying good-by to me in the dark I got an easy chance. The parson's gold watch and chain were in my trousers-pocket, and he never had the least notion when I took it. My notion was now to get to Enton about five, and take a workman's train on to Waterloo.

I chuckled to myself. He'd called me a ginger-headed scoundrel, stopped me swearing, spoiled my little game and given me a thrashing, but I had the better of him in the end. There was his watch and chain in my pocket, and in less than four hours I should be handing them over to Ike and getting three or four sovereigns for them.

As I walked along I gradually began to grow light, and somehow or other I lost my spirits. I stopped chuckling; the more I thought about the neat way that I had scored off that parson the less I felt inclined to laugh about that or anything else. I got angry about nothing. It may seem queer, but I was angry with the parson for having stood out there in the dark, close against me, and given me his chance. I called him all the names I could lay my tongue to for his foolishness. I was just as angry with myself, though, for no sensible reason. Then I began to get nervous and took fancies, thought I heard steps coming after me, and imagined there was a policeman waiting to catch me behind every big tree I passed. I didn't enjoy that walk. I wished to heaven that parson had taken me out by the scruff of my neck and handed me over to the police when he first caught me, though I don't know why I wished it. "Who wants this blooming ticker?" I said out loud, pulling it out of my pocket. "Strike me if I don't pitch it over the hedge and be done with it!"

But I didn't. I pulled myself together, and argued with myself. "If you can afford to throw money away," I said to myself, "that's the first I've heard of it. You just plug on until you get to Enton station, and don't give way to such silliness." It's easier to argue with yourself than it is to make yourself see the force of it. I went on, but couldn't stop thinking. I wished I had never come near the vicarage. I wished I had got my shooter out and finished the parson on sight. I wished I had never been born, I wished I was dead. The farther I went the more down-hearted I got. I had never felt anything like it before.

At last I had done my nine miles and stood outside Enton station. I stood there for about a minute, and then I made up my mind. "I chuck this," I said, "and take that forsaken ticker back to the parson again."

I was as tired as a dog when I got to the station; but as soon as I had made up my mind that seemed to pass off. I made my way back a good deal quicker than I had come. The sun shone and the birds sang, and you could see we were in for a rare fine day. I met some workmen on the road, and passed a good morning to them. I could have said good morning to the very policeman that I had dodged a few hours before, and not been afraid of him. I felt afraid of nothing, and up to fighting any man of my own weight.

As I drew near the vicarage I didn't feel quite so chirpy. I had a nasty job before me, but I made up my mind to go through with it. They told me the vicar had breakfasted early and was in his study, and would see me there.

The vicar was standing up when I went in, with his hands in his breeches-pockets and that curious smile on his face. He looked a fine man.

"Good morning!" he said. "You're soon back."

I put the watch and chain on the table. "I—I've done a damned dirty trick, and I'm ashamed of myself."

"Ah!" he said; "this is good. This is a start."

He went on with what I suppose some people would have called a parson-talk, and I had that feeling in my throat as if I were swallowing eggs whole until I could stand it no longer. But I needn't go into that.

An hour afterwards I was on my way again at Enton Mills—and he with me—Idler.

—Omission to do what is necessary, seals a commission to a blank of danger and danger, like an agree, subtly tangle, even then when we sit idly in the sun.—Shakespeare.

—O wind, if winter comes, can spring be far behind?—Shelley.

BIG FLOUR TRUST.

The Greatest Millers' Combine in the Country's History Said to Be Perfected.

CHICAGO, May 7.—A special from Minneapolis to the Times-Herald says: R. D. Hubbard, the executive front of the linseed oil trust, has succeeded, with the aid of the Pillsbury, in perfecting the organization of the great millers' combine ever put together in this country. The purpose is to advance the price of flour, to secure satisfactory rail and water transportation rates and to compel every spring wheat grinder in the pool. There are 500 spring wheat millers in the United States. More than 100 have joined the new pool, which had its inception last fall, reached a head last February and is now a bona fide organization. The pool has been incorporated. Its name is the North American Milling Co. It is commonly known here, in St. Paul, Duluth and southern Minnesota as the American Milling Co. It is the successor of the southern Millers' association. Representatives of the trust here claim to represent 110 mills, having a daily capacity of 105,000 barrels. The whole aim of the organization is to protect the flouring interests of Minneapolis, now threatened by competition.

POLYGAMOUS INDIANS.

Disturbed at Having to Give Up Surplus Wives.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Ok., May 7.—The Oklahoma courts have struck a puzzler in the Indian custom relating to plural marriages. The law of Oklahoma is very severe on polygamists, and Indians on reservations are not exempt from its operation. The Kickapoo bucks have an average of five squaws each. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes are nearly all polygamists, as are Kiowas, Apaches, Comanches and Wichitas. It is stated that the courts have decided to take action in the matter at once, unless polygamous practices cease. Capt. Woodson, of Anadarko agency, has issued orders commanding Indians of his agency, having several wives, to at once decide on the wife wanted and give up the others. No little uneasiness has resulted in all the polygamous tribe, as it is claimed by the Indians that one squaw cannot raise enough corn to support an ex-warrior in becoming dignity.

DROUGHT AND WAR.

Inhabitants of Madrid Invoke Divine Favor for the Speedy Termination of Each.

MADRID, May 7.—The great religious procession through the streets of Madrid to invoke divine favor for the speedy end of the drought and the speedy end of the Cuban war terminated late last night. It was a striking ceremony, remarkable signs of penitence being everywhere visible. There were at least 150,000 persons on the road of the procession. The papal nuncio and four cabinet ministers presided over the arrangements, while a large number of generals and other officers took part in the procession. Eight generals in gala uniform carried a silver bier, on which was the body of Saint Isidor, the patron saint of Madrid.

Copious showers of rain have since fallen in Madrid and throughout the adjoining provinces, which is ascribed by the people to the beneficence of St. Isidor, to whom the populace appealed.

ILLINOIS TREASURY BANKRUPT.

No Money Available and Warrants Cannot Be Paid Before July.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 7.—The state treasury is bankrupt, no money is available for paying the expenses of the state's great institutions, and for the second time since the session of the legislature of 1893 the Illinois Central railroad has been appealed to to assist the commonwealth. Yesterday the treasury stopped payment on the warrants of the auditor and all state employees will be compelled to wait until July before they can get their money. The revenue fund is exhausted and there will be no money available until that time.

WORK FOR HUMANE SOCIETY.

A New York Millionaire Hires a Blind Man to Endure Torture.

NEW YORK, May 7.—John Martin, a blind man, is being paid by Charles Rous to submit to being pricked by needles and to endure other tortures that may result in a cure. Martin stood it when there were 10,000 wounds in his flesh, but fainted when croton oil was rubbed on. He reports to Rous each day, and if his sight is restored the other will take a similar treatment. Rous's offer of \$5,000,000 to any oculist who will cure him or Martin is outstanding still.

EMPLOYED ASSASSINS.

Arkansas Man Paid Two Brothers \$5,000 to Murder a Wealthy Planter.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 7.—Officers arrived here from Canton, Ga., having in custody Floyd Willis, a young white man who, about three weeks ago, assassinated Vance Perkins, a wealthy planter of Craighead county, Ark. Willis and his brother relate that they were promised \$5,000 for the job by Elijah Bennett, a neighbor of Perkins.

Increase of Pensions for Veterans.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—The house committee on pensions ordered a favorable report on the bill introduced by Representative Stallings to increase the pensions of veterans of the Mexican and Indian wars and their widows from \$8 to \$12 a month.

Not Favorable for the Strikers.

MILWAUKEE, May 7.—Sixty cars are running on the various lines of street railway system this morning and the number of people who ride is constantly increasing, and it looks as if the strike will soon be broken, though the strikers are as determined as ever.

Sentences Reduced.

JOHANNESBURG, May 7.—The Digger's News says the sentences imposed on the convicted members of the reform committee will be reduced to nominal fines, that part of the sentences prescribing imprisonment and subsequent banishment being revoked.

AMERICA APPEALED TO.

Appalling Account of Famine, Sickness, Distress and Misery in Asia Minor.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 6.—A letter from a friend at Zetoon, Asia Minor, bearing date of March 23, has been received by a Kansas City woman, giving the following deplorable account of affairs in that country:

There must be about 3,000 people here very ill with either typhus or dysentery. Food is now plentiful for those who have money, but a good many people are living mainly upon the boiled leaves of the wild arum. I have read of famine, but never before realized its horrors. The ash, shrunken faces and tottering steps of half the people on the streets, not to speak of the specters that lie groaning in almost every stable and den of the city bear terrible witness to the ordeal through which they have passed. The weather is still very cold, with a raw wind that blows half a gale. The city is still horribly filthy, although the carcasses of men and animals that lay in the streets upon the arrival of the consuls have been removed and the bodies buried in the stables have been exhumed and burned. The fever patients are from three to ten in every house, and even a larger number in some of the largest houses.

Letters from Harpoot report that 60,000 people from 238 villages are receiving aid and that famine is inevitable, since these people are in danger of their lives when they undertake to till the soil. There are 13,000 destitute people now being fed in Harpoot.

The time has come for the earnest friends of humanity to make a permanent solution of the Armenian problem. Daily these poor people plead with our missionaries: Can't America do anything to rescue us—America, the world's greatest champion of freedom? The European powers have abandoned us to our misery. Won't America save us now?

Make them understand our dying condition so that they may hasten to our deliverance. We are so grateful to them for saving so many of us upon that, but they cannot always feed us. We want safety for our lives and property, so that we can work and take care of ourselves.

BILLS FOR STATUES.

Those Now Before Congress Contain Appropriations for Over \$1,450,000.

WASHINGTON, May 6.—Should all the bills which are now pending before congress providing for the erection in this city of monuments and statues to great men become laws, the national capital will be given a sudden and tremendous accession of art that would easily give it the name of the monumental city of the country, and perhaps of the world. There are no fewer than 18 such propositions, and the bills make appropriations aggregating \$1,450,000. The monuments or memorials proposed are in honor of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, the private soldier of the rebellion, the nurses of the late war, John Paul Jones, Edwin M. Stanton, Hannemann, John Amos Comenius, Robert Dale Owen, Zachary Taylor, Gen. Spinner, Victor Hugo, Salmon P. Chase, and Generals Meade, Slocum, Sedgwick and Burnside.

MONARCHS IN DANGER.

Plots Against King Humbert and the Sultan of Turkey.

LONDON, May 6.—Two crowned heads in Europe are said to be in peril as a result of the assassination of the Persian shah. It is hoped here, however, that the idea of regicide will not become deeply rooted. Humbert, of Italy, is reported to be one of the menaced monarchs; the other is the sultan of Turkey, whose life, however, is virtually always in peril. No surprise would be created were poison or the dagger to remove Abdul Hamid—in fact one or the other is the route over the Styx generally assigned to Mohammedan rulers.

SHORT MANY THOUSANDS.

F. J. Kieckhefer, ex-Disbursing Officer in the State Department, Under a Cloud.

WASHINGTON, May 6.—It is reported on what is believed to be good authority that the expert accountant employed by the secretary of state has found a shortage of \$127,000 in the trust funds account of F. J. Kieckhefer, until recently the disbursing officer of the state department. This amount, together with the \$12,000 shortage said to be found by the auditing officers of the treasury in Mr. Kieckhefer's general account, brings the total up to \$139,000. What action the government will take in the matter has not been made known.

African Methodists in Conference.

WILMINGTON, N. C., May 6.—The general conference of the African Methodist Episcopal church convened here yesterday morning with 1,000 delegates, alternates and visitors present, every state except Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont being represented. Bishop Turner called the body to order and conducted the services. In the afternoon Rev. L. H. Reynolds, of Galveston, was chosen secretary with seven assistants. Eight bishops are present. The conference will continue about three weeks.

To Work for Reciprocity.

PHILADELPHIA, May 6.—A tour of more than a score of leading business men has been arranged with the object of carrying out the features of James G. Blaine's reciprocity ideas. They will spend several months in South America to promote trade with the various nations there. This business project has been arranged for by the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States, whose headquarters are here. Every large city in the country will be represented.

Two School Children Killed.

WHEELING, W. Va., May 6.—News from points in this state give reports of a severe electrical storm which passed over central West Virginia yesterday. Near Fairmont, lightning struck a schoolhouse. Miss Hattie Yount was instantly killed. Newton Jamison was fatally injured and a number of other pupils more or less badly burned. All the occupants of the building were terribly shocked.

No Outside Relief Needed.

DENVER, Col., May 6.—The Denver chamber of commerce authorized the statement that no contributions from other states are needed. The contribution in sight in Colorado amounts to nearly \$50,000.

Waiting to Come In.

MONTREAL, Can., May 5.—The spring tide of Chinese emigration arrived yesterday, when 100 Chinese came from Vancouver and are now stopping at the big Chinese boarding houses, waiting for a favorable opportunity to go to the States.

QUANDARY OF A NEW WOMAN.

Love and Politics Led Her to Much Embarrassment.

"This political life is not all that it has been pictured."

The new woman sighed and laid aside her pen.

"I must have Charlie's vote," she went on a minute later, "and Charlie says he must have me. Now, if I get his vote, and he gets me, what have I gained politically?"

She rested her head on her hand and sighed again.

"It looks to me," she said, "as if he would get back his vote, with the office and me thrown in to make it a better bargain. That may be politics, but it does not commend itself to my business judgment."

She knitted her brows and scowled at the political circular that she had been preparing.

"If I refuse to accept his terms," she continued, "he will swing the ward against me, and then what will I have? Nothing. Not even a husband. I must give myself, including the office, in order to gain the office, and if I don't, I am stranded in both politics and love. I don't see where my victory is coming in."

She threw the circular into the waste basket and prepared to write a new one.

"On the other hand," she said, suddenly stopping in her work, "if I accept Charlie's terms I shall give mortal offense to Will, and Will has a strong pull in the other end of the ward. Will is a nice fellow, too, but if Tom only controlled a ward or two I think I'd—"

She shook her head at the very thought.

"No, Tom doesn't amount to anything politically," she argued with herself. "If I were not a new woman I might—I wish I wasn't a new woman. I don't see what good it does me to be one, where there are such drawbacks. I—I don't believe I will be one any longer."

She tore up the second circular, decided to let the country go to the bow-wows as far as she was concerned, and accepted Tom's invitation to the theater.—Washington Post.

AN EXTRAVAGANT FASHION.

The Skirt and the Corset Are Now Made to Match.

The short French corset, as short as the riding corset, is greatly in favor, particularly for slender women. These can be bought of plain or colored coutil or satin, but the fancy silk and brocades are preferred, and it is very smart to have the corset and silk petticoat made of the same piece of silk. The all-flowered designs are peculiarly adapted to this purpose, and are to be found both in light and dark colors. The corset is finished with lace and three rows of beading, through which narrow satin ribbons are run. The upper part of the petticoats is carefully fitted over the hips, all fullness being thrown to the back, but a deep Spanish flounce, which is finished by a narrow ruffle, makes the width around the bottom fully five yards. These silk petticoats are a very important part of the costume this season, for on their beauty well hung depends much of the beauty of the dress skirt. The silk used in them is stiff and stands out well, but a narrow steel tape put just above the Spanish flounce and through the heading of the ruffles makes a sort of idealized hoopskirt. A yellow ground covered with dull pink roses makes an extremely smart corset and petticoat, while the dull grounds may be more useful than the white with light flowers, which is suitable for evening gowns.

Some New York women who pride themselves as always being smartly gowned have 12 pairs of corsets made at one time, with petticoats to match, and declare that it is absolutely necessary to have this number to go through the season; but this seems to be an exaggeration, for a third that number, made, as they are, of the best material, last a long time. The fashionable corset, short on the hips and low in the bust, gives a more natural look to the figure than do the long ones which incase the body so stiffly.—Harper's Bazar.

Pineapple Dessert.

A delicious dessert for a dinner or a sweet dish for a luncheon is made from grated pineapple prepared in the following way: After grating, drain the fruit by spreading it out on a sieve. Beat the whites of three eggs to a froth, and add to them gradually three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; beat until stiff; then flavor with a teaspoonful of good sherry and a teaspoonful of orange juice. Whip one pint of cream and stir or fold it a little at a time into the egg and sugar mixture. Add the grated pineapple a little at a time and carefully, and serve in punch-glasses or custard-cups with fresh macaroons. Serve very cold.—N. Y. Post.

Engagement Slips.

The modern woman, with her multitudinous activities, needs an engagement list. Her desk should be provided with one. If her means do not permit her to indulge in a silver-framed affair, she may make a very good substitute by removing the glass from a leather-bound cabinet photograph frame and substituting a piece of white slate. On the slate the days of the week should be painted in color matching the leather, and the engagements may be jotted down in pencil opposite each day.—St. Louis Republic.

Mother's Delicious Poached Eggs.

Put a generous cupful of cream and milk—use at least half thin cream—into a spider. While cold break in six unbeaten eggs. Set over the fire and move a spoon carefully through the mixture. The whites and yolks should be broken in pieces, but not rendered smooth. Do not cook long enough to whey—only let it simmer. Add a piece of butter the size of an egg and salt to taste. Serve in separate dishes with potatoes and meat.—Good Housekeeping.